HOBOES' ADVENTURES

Incidents in the Lives of the "I never was good at asking a man for money. This time, whenever I thought I had myself screwed up to ask for a quar-"Weary Willies."

FIGHT FOR LIFE ON FLOATING ICE IN THE MISSOURI.

How Men Who Look for Work and Pray They Won't Find It Travel Over the Country.

"A hobo is a man who is always going about the country looking for work and praying that he won't find it. A bum is a man who never looks for work and never gets it. A panhandler is a mean cuss who puts up a ghost story when he is able to work. I'm a hobo, thank the Lord."

The man who prefaced his remarks in this fashion swore that the adventures here appended are representative of those continually befalling the average hobo. "If you don't believe me," he said, "ask any other hobo who comes around.

"I'll tell you what happened to me on my first trip as a hobo," he said. "That was in '87, and though I've been hoboing every day since, and seen a good deal of the country, east and west of the Mississippi, what happened to me when I started west in '87 has always stuck in my craw, and is a fair sample of what happens to every

hobo of any account.
"We left New York on a Sunday in summer. 'Old Kentucky' was with me. We walked to Rahway before we saw a box car standing on a siding, with no one around. We opened the door-and there lay fifteen of the scaredest looking hoboes you ever saw. They thought we were brakles, who had found them out.

A Queer Breakfast Food.

"Well, we got in the car, and lay there till morning. Then we woke up hungry as bears, but had nothing to eat. There were several hundred sacks in the car filled with something soft. Just as 'Old Kentucky' was thinking of leaving the car to look for 'punk'-that's bread-I punched a hole in a sack, and out ran some stuff that looked like finely ground yellow meal. I told my pal, he looked at the stuff and said we'd have breakfast just as soon as some hobo would get out of the car and start a fire

"An old dishpan was found alongside the track, and 'Old Kentucky' poured about half a sackful of the yellow stuff into it. half a sackful of the yellow stuff into it. Then he added some water from the running trough between the tracks and put the stuff over the fire to cook. It cooked and cooked, until I got so hungry I dived in with the end of a stick on the sly, and drew out as much of the stuff as would stick and took a big mouthful. Lord, it was sawdust! was sawdust!

was sawdust!

"But I swallowed it. Then I sat down to watch the fun begin, which it did in a few minutes after my pal yelled 'First call for breakfast in the dining car.' Every hobo but me made a grand dive for the stuff, and I let on I was, too. Then we all began eating, and spitting and choking and gagging, and, first thing I knew, they were all pitching into 'Old Kentucky,' who had his face all smeared with the breakfast he couldn't eat. That smear was what saved him. The other hoboes saw he was square, and let up on him, and later on, when some and let up on him, and later on, when som of them went out and found some 'punk,' they divided with him all right.

Prison Doors Yawn.

"We laid in that car for another day and night before an engine hitched on and pulled us toward Philly. When we got to the edge of the town we dropped off at a hobo camp in West Philadelphia, and pretty soon, some of us going one way and some another, we got together coffee, meat and punk and were just sitting down to enjoy our first good meal since starting out when 'Hands up!' we heard somebody yell, and, turning round, we looked into the barrels of six guns.

"It happened this way: Johnson, a rail-road cop, had been killed a few weeks before near the camp, and the railroad peo-ple were arresting all hoboes found near there. So we were taken to the police station at 39th street and Lancaster avenue, and the next thing I knew I was starting on my first term in jail—six months in Holmesburg—for doing noth-

"When you are put in Holmesburg the first thing they do is to weigh you. A man put me on the scales and called out: One hundred and twenty-nine!"

'See here,' I said, 'I weigh-"Shut yer trap!" he said. And I did.
"I worked hard for about two weeks, fretting all the time, when a hobe who had been in Holmesburg before put me

wise.

"'Sit down and write a letter to the charities people,' he said, 'and tell them the truth, and say you'd like to get out. Say you're a man looking for work, and not like a lot of the hoboes here who are not like a lot of the hoboes here who are always trying to break in and never want to leave, because the eating's so good.

Didn't Like the Jail.

"I did what he said, for I'd never been in jail before and didn't like it, and don't now. I got no answer, but at the end of five weeks the keeper told me I could go. But first he took me into the room where the scales are kept and made me step on. He took a glance at the bar.

"'One-seventy-four!' he yelled.

"Look here, I said, 'I weigh—'
"'Shut yer trap!' he said, 'or back yer
go for another five weeks. Don't you
think we've got to show the soft-hearted taxpayers of Philadelphia how well we treat you hoboes while you are here, and

how you thrive on it? "I've found since that it's a common practice in all jails to doctor a man's weight in favor of the jails both when he's coming in and going out.
"My pal worked the same game. We got out at the same time, and hearing

that there was plenty of work at Parkers-burg we struck out for there. It took us two days to get there, for the brakles were on the lookout and threw every hobo they spotted off the cars. We were made to hit the grit three times. Twice we were thrown from moving box cars, and once a brakle found us on top of a car and made us let go the ladder by fol-lowing us down and trampling on our Then we threw ballast at him and took him in the ear and almost knocked him from the car. That's the way many brakies lose their balance, and one reason why they are found injured alongside the tracks so often.

An Adventure in a Tunnel.

We stayed in Parkersburg doing odd jobs around the steel mills till along into the winter. Then we hit west again. When we struck the Gallitzin tunnel, on the other side of the Horseshoe Bend, we were riding on the bumper of the first car back of the engine—my pal, another hobo and myself. We were almost frozen when we got to the tunnel, but we had not got inside a hundred yards when we began to warm up comfortably all over. 'Lord!' I said to myself, 'wish this tunnel went all the way to 'Frisco!' It was great; and by the time we began to see daylight at the other end we were almost in a sweat. But we had not been long in the open where we could see before we found out why we'd been so hot in the tunnel— the exhaust pipe of the engine had thrown steam all over us, and being in the dark we had not known it. So before we'd gone four miles our clothes froze to us-it was bitter cold-and we became so stiff from the frozen steam, blessed if we didn't fall like logs off the bumpers right in front of a camp of dagoes alongside

"Lucky we fell where we did. Those dagoes took us into their shack, thawed us out, put us in their spare clothes and gave us black tea by the gallon to drink. In another day we were able to go on, which we did, and the next thing of importance which I can recall happened in Council Bluffs.

A Battle With Ice.

to Omaha, to look for work. At that time it took twenty-five cents to get across the railroad bridge, and there was no other bridge, and the railroad bridge had no footpath. You couldn't steal a ride across—the lookout was too sharp. So we decided to go begging for money and meet in

had myself screwed up to ask for a quar-ter, I'd ask for something to eat, and soon I had all my pockets full of 'punk' and such truck, and was leaving good victuals on the fences. At last I got enough nerve to ask a man for a quarter.

"'What you want it for?' he asked.
"I told him." TYPICAL HAPPENINGS

"'Walking's good,' he said.
"Then for the first time I recalled that
the Missouri was frozen. I hustled down
to the bank and started to walk over just above where the men at work on the new bridge were tossing red hot boits to one an-other. Maybe I'd got half way across, when, from somewhere—maybe it was overhead, maybe underneath, for all my senses could tell then—there was a great groan-ing, and the ice all about me heaved up and then sank, and I found myself standing on the edge of a big cake which was making down the river along with other big cakes—some as big as the side of a two-story frame house.

"There was nothing to do but to go on-going back would have been just as risky. I jumped from cake to cake. Sometimes I thought I'd never land, the fissures looked so big. But I kept on jumping, all the while being carried down stream, but all the time getting nearer to the Omaha

"The last jump I took was opposite a big "The last jump I took was opposite a big smelter, where all the men were lined up watching me. That was a bad jump—plum into the Missouri I went, and if it hadn't been shallow there and the workmen hadn't come out after me in a boat I guess I'd have drowned. They hauled me out, took me in and dried me, and then took up a collection, and that's how I met my nal at the union station with one severmy pal at the union station with one seventy in my clothes, while he was broke, having raised only the quarter necessary to get him across the bridge.

Attempts to Get Work.

"We heard that a new packing house was to start up in South Omaha, so we went to the office of the man who was to be manager and asked him for a job. He said there was nothing doing for a while, but to hang around and wait. A hobo always likes to wait, so we waited, and pretty soon found a shack in the big hollow all fitted out with blankets and a stove which two homesick Swedes from the northwest country had deserted. We took possession, and then went out looking for food. First thing we came across was a fine ham, just cooked and skinned and put out on the kitchen window sill to cook. and skinned and put out on the kitchen window sill to cool. My pal was for taking it. But I put up this game: He made as if to grab the ham. I yelled 'thief,' snatched the ham out of his hand, chased him a piece up the alley, and then went back to the kitchen window and handed the ham to the lady of the house, who had come to the kitchen after hearing me yell 'thief.' It turned out just as I thought it would. She questioned me. I told her how we were waiting for the new packing house to open up, and she said to come around whenever I felt hungry, and told the girl always to give me something to eat. For nearly two weeks we lived off that woman; then I got ashamed to go back and carry off another ashamed to go back and carry off another

We laid around South Omaha, waiting we laid around South Omaha, waiting, until spring. Then we heard of a new line being built by the Rock Island in southwest Missouri. We hit for there, and one night found the camp in a deep rock cut. We asked for work. The boss said we could have all the work we wanted next day. He showed us the mess tent and we had He showed us the mess tent, and we had a good meal—food was cheap in that couna good meal-rood was cheap in that country, eggs 3 cents a dozen. But that night, my pal, not liking the looks of the place, decided to cut out. He started away as natural as you please, when suddenly he brought up against a sentinel, who hit a crack over the head with a club and told him to get back to camp. You see, a lot of hoboes had been asking for work at night and getting filled up on food, and then ducking before day came around, and the contractor had lost a lot of money.

That knock on the head cured my pal. but after loafing around a week waiting to the rain to let up so work could begin again, I got enough of the camp, especially given for no other reason than reform— then shut him up in one room and yourself but after loafing around a week waiting for drinking the water. So at dead of night I worked my way to a side of the cut—the ends were guarded by sentinels-and spent half an hour, anyway, climbing up the side. I don't know yet how I managed to cling to the wall-it was almost sheer-but, anyway, the next morning I was headed alone for the northwest, where I was told there would be plenty of work with the harvesting sea-

In the Hoboe's Heaven.

"At Fargo I fell in with a German student hobo from the University of Heidelberg. I was still shaking with the ague. He found out what was the matter, begged some powder from a drug store, made me take it, and in a few days I was well. Then he took me round to a brewery, where he stood in with the foreman, and we swilled all the beer we could drink for a week. At the end of that time we'd drunk too much of the boss' beer, I guess, for one day a po-liceman came around and gave us just twenty minutes—when the next freight would leave for up the Red River valley—

to get out of town. 'We went on that train right before the brakies' eyes. They never throw you off or hold you up when you are going to the harvest fields. They know you haven't a cent or anything else about you worth taking. But when you're on the way back it's dif-ferent. Then it's a dollar and two dollars a head to the end of the division, and more divvy with the brakles of the next division, and so on until the end of the trip or your money gives out, when you're thrown off, unless you're strong enough to hold up the crew. But there's a way of getting ahead of the brakies, and I'll tell that in the

proper place.
"It was having time when we went into a hobo camp near Cummings. Once a day or so a farmer would come to the camp, look over the thirty of us, and say, 'Wall, boys, it's haying time, and I'd like two or

three of you to come along and help me."
"After a whole lot of palayering as to whose turn it was to work, two or three would go with the farmer, and then the rest of us would rob hen roosts and gather up forage all about. But the farmers never said a word. They knew what we were doing, but they knew, too, that all of us would be needed to harvest the wheat in a few weeks, so they didn't bother us. And we didn't give them any cause to worry about their barns being burned down. Whenever hoboes hit the harvesting country they appoint leaders who make the men turn their pockets inside out at night and won't let the mtake pipes and matches into the barns.

Treat Hoboes Well at Harvest Time.

"Just before time for the wheat harvest old man Upton, one of the biggest wheat growers in the northwest, gave the contract of feeding the harvesters to a man, who put up shambles, and began killing beeves so as to be ready. We heard about it, made a raid on the place when no one was around, cut up half a steer with jack-knives and carried it back to camp. "That night, as we were eating all sorts of steaks jumbled together, old man Upton, who was a great Methodist, walked into the

camp, which was opposite the church of which he was an elder. "'Well, boys, you're having a great feast, ain't you?" he said.

"'Yes, Mr. Upton,' we said, for we all knew him. 'Must be making plenty of money haying, he said.
"'No, sir, Mr. Upton,' spoke up a hobo

bolder than the rest, 'we ain't. This here is your steer, or part of it, that was killed this morning.'
"'Oh, well,' said old man Upton, 'that's all right, boys; enjoy yourselves while you can, for there's hard work ahead, but don't

do any burning.'
"That's the way the hobo is treated in "That's the way the hobo is treated in the northwest around harvest time. It's the hobo's heaven then.

"Well, we worked hard when the harvesting really began. We earned good money, but the worst of it was there was no way to spend it. The farmers fed us, and there was no saloon around and no way the stream of the salound and the salound th

way to get whisky. So when the season was over all of us had our pockets full of money. I had nearly two hundred and fifty.

Fooling the Brakies. "Then we began looking about for a way to get east without having to divide with the

brakies. I had made friends with the telegraph agent at Cummings, a young chap who'd been married in St. Paul in the spring. He said he'd see that the gang got into a sealed car, so we went around to a "I landed there without a cent, and my new pal, picked up in Chicago, hadn't a red. either, and we both wanted to get across stock of canned goods and can openers.

Bohemian who was storekeeper, constable, climate exhibits fickieness of the small sheep ranchers, and laid in a stock of canned goods and can openers. on a very dangerous postulate.

Then we got hold of some old cans and filled them with water, and when the agent gave us a tip on the car we loaded the stuff into it, crawled in on top of the wheat, he put on the seal, and we were going down the Red River valley in our private and well-stocked side-door Puliman.

"We stayed in the car two days, when the bad air drove us out at Brainerd, after we had gone two divisions. It was easy to break the seal from the inside, and then the thirty of us scattered.

break the seal from the inside, and then the thirty of us scattered.

"After that it was a case of riding the rods underneath the box cars. The brakies were keeping too sharp a lookout, and when you did sneak into a box car, even if you were with twenty or thirty other hoboes and were strong enough to hang up the crew, at the next station you would be pounced on by a gang of railroaders and beaten black and blue. That is, if you wouldn't divry up all around. I've heard that many brakies have grown rich holding up hoboes on their way back from the harvest fields. Twenty and thirty and fifty dollars a trip, and a trip every other day.

Riding the Rods.

Riding the Rods.

"I rode the rods into Chicago. It was the first time for me, and I hadn't been lying on them and holding on for grim death for a half dozen miles before I wished I'd given all my money to the brakles for a berth in a side-door Pullman. brakies for a berth in a side-door Pullman. The cinders and gravel flew up into my face and cut it till the blood came. My body was pounded till it was bruised all over. My head was pounded against its rest. I ached all over. I could hardly breathe. I was about ready to give up the ghost, I swear, when the train stopped, and I fell off, and lay alongside the track for a long time. That train went east without me. But I rode the rods of the next one, and pretty soon I was an old hand at the game, which has taken off many a hobo's legs and arms, especially when he tried game, which has taken on many a hobo's legs and arms, especially when he tried to get on the rods when he had too much whisky aboard. Then you can't always gauge how fast the train is moving, and make the proper jump. In a little while my face got so tough that nothing would cut the proper jump. I would leave the rods. it. But every time I would leave the rods I took myself for a nigger.

The Banner Hobo State.

"Finally, after a lot of happenings, I struck eastern Pennsylvania. There I hung up for weeks. It's easy picking in Pennsylvania. The Dutch farmers are softhearted, for all they're close, and you can always come a double-header on them-go back for grub the second time—and sleep in peace in their big red barns besides. Taken the year through, Pennsylvania is the banner hobo state, with Ohio second; but you can't come a double-header on the

Buckeyes.

"Almost a year to a day after I d left
New York I landed back in it, I was dead
broke. The two hundred and fifty was gone.
I hadn't spent a cent for grub, or lodging,
or clothes, or railroad fare with the brakies. A hobo needs money for only one
thing. That's whisky. He can beg all the
other necessaries. All that two hundred and
fifty went for whisky at 5 cents a slug,
just as sure as I'm sitting here. And, my
—, how dry I am now!"

HOW TO PUNISH A CHILD.

Means by Which You May Cause Him Profound Remorse.

From Good Housekeeping. Have you ever given a child the privilege of choosing his own punishment-either a whipping or the deprivation of some beloved treat, solitude in his chamber or some other form, and had him prefer the whip-ping, "to have it over with?" Doesn't this prove it to be the lesser punishment? Some-thing to be borne with stoically, as a necessary evil, perhaps, but forgotten the next moment in some pleasure or recreation. If, however, upon mature deliberation, it seems expedient to apply the rod, let it, by all the regard you have for your child's self-respect, be done in the privacy of his own room, and not even hinted at before

other children. There seems to be a strain of cruelty in the make-up of some children that delights in another's punishment. If a child must be punished in this way, if every other expedient has been tried and found wanting, and it seems that he will learn the desired lesson in no other way—for let it be understood that punishment is given for no other reason than reform in another until your anger has had time to cool, and he to reflect. Then, with calm face, a prayerful and sorry heart and a dignified demeanor, go to him and do the job thoroughly and well.

job thoroughly and well.

Keep him closeted until the fierceness of his emotion has worn away. Then take him out, bathe and clothe him afresh and keep him with you. Task to him, not about his offense, you have punished him for that. Let it drop. Cheerfully expect it not to happen again. Be kind and loving to him, and prove by your actions that he has and prove by your actions that he has grieved you.

Electricity From Straw. From Harper's Weekly.

While electricity has frequently been recommended to the farmer as a convenient means for plowing, operating machinery, pumping water, etc., yet in practice he has been rarely able to avail himself of such assistance, since farms cannot be located in mountainous country where water power is abundant, while coal and gasoline for engines to drive the dynamos cannot be procured with sufficient cheapness to make the undertaking a practical success. Recently in France some interesting experi-ments have been carried on where various waste vegetable products, such as straw, leaves, reeds, unserviceable hay and similar substances have been used as fuel in gas generators. It has been found that from such materials a low-carbon gas can be evolved in vertical gas generators, and by means of a gas motor and dynamo elecby means of a gas motor and dynamo elec-tricity can be developed. This can be done much cheaper than by burning coal or petroleum products, and when a number of farmers unite to maintain a plant that will furnish about fifty or seventy-five horse-power it is believed that electricity could power it is believed that electricity could be distributed about the neighborhood with considerable economy. The method employed was to collect the material, chopping the straw and like substances, and then after it is dried, pressing it into bales weighing about 1,500 pounds per cubic yard. As it has taken the farmers of the western that the convention United States to develop the co-operative telephone line, using, in some cases, fence wires as conductors, so it may be possible that French agriculturists will succeed in generating electricity so economically that it can be used not only for scientific, but also for practical farming.

Possible Corner in Cards.

From the London Chronicle. It is to be hoped that in receiving the freedom of the Worshipful Company of Makers of Playing Cards Mr. Carnegie has no intention of making a corner in cards. A king did not disdain to do this once upon a time, for one of Charles I's many devices for making money was to buy up all the cards made by the company and to sell them again at a profit. As we know, how-ever, that cards were sold in 1545 for twopence a pack, even the son of a Scotsman probably did not make much by creating a monopoly. James I himself, by the way, characteristically denounced card playing in Scotland and indulged in it privately—a hypocritical attitude toward card playing which has had many followers.

It is difficult to say why card playing, though always popular at court, has always been denounced officially. Even the fact that Anne of Austria "played like a queen, without passion of greed or gain," did not save it from disrepute. As early as 1465 a law was passed in England to forbid card playing, except at certain times and sea-sons, but Elizabeth, who lost her temper regularly over Primero, did her best to give the game a moral aspect by commanding the master of the revels "to show on St. Stephen's day, at Wyndesore, a comodie or morall devised on a game of the cardes," which resulted in the performance by children of "Alexander and Campaspe," contalning the charming lines:

"Cupid and my Campaspe played At cards for kisses. Cupid paid."

The English Spring Cleaning. From the London Lancet.

There is not a more decisive ukase in domestic affairs than that which forbids the reversion to coal fires after spring cleaning is done. The inconvenience which the inmates of a house suffer is tolerated because the use of coal fires would undo the work of the spring cleaning process. • • We see here a powerful argument in favor of the abolition of the coal fire altogether and the adoption of a gas fire or electric heater in its place. So long as the English climate exhibits fickleness of the disagreeable kind we have recently experienced, the present systm of spring cleaning is based



You can save money in this sale of shirt waist suits

Doubtless the experience of the past two or three days has shown the necessity of more thin shirt waist suits.

Have you seen the new models displayed here? Excellent White Shirt Waist Suits for \$1.90 and up. Style and low price are two great features of these. Do your saving tomorrow.

At \$3.45. Worth \$6.50 and \$7.

Worth \$3.50 and \$4.

Made of fine white lawns and trimmed in embroideries; also pleated, hemstitched and tucked; fancy cuffs, new sleeves; full skirt pleated. Any size.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS of fine light and dark colored linen madras, natural linen, percale, gingham, fancy and plain lawns and plain white fabrics. Fully a dozen different styles. Some trimmed in Val. laces and embroideries, others with pleats and stitching. All sizes.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS in strictly tailor-made effect, of white handkerchief linen; yoke is neatly stitched and strapped; with deep pleats extending to yoke; leg-o-mut-ton sleeves; neat cuff. Another good style is of fine white India lawn and trim-med in heautiful broad embroidery; skirt Big money's worth. SHIRT WAIST SUITS, hand embroidered and made of fine linen. Some are lace trimmed and finished with French knots. Also plain tailor-made effects with neat med in beautiful broad embroidery; skirt made to match waist.

At \$14.75.

pleatings and tucks.

Worth a third more.

SHIRT WAIST SUITS in exclusive models; made of light-weight butcher and handkerchief linens; exquisite trimmed designs of fine embroidery and medallions. New circular style skirts trimmed to match waists. Dainty dresses for very



Tomorrow (Wednesday) and Thursday and Friday we shall have a

Sale of lemonade sets---water bottles,

berry bowls and other glassware

suited to hot weather needs---

In considering the low prices named here-please remember that the glassware is the best high-class press-

ed glassware made. It is called CRYSTAL Glass, because it is clear and free from the flaws incident

At \$5.00. Big values.

able braids in contrasting colors. Also included at this price are Colored Sateen Dresses trimmed in small clus-



SHIRT WAIST SUITS of fine linen lawn, polka dot swisses, plain linens and im-ported madras, natural and white lin-ens. Most all trimmed in fancy wash-

Children's dresses. 50c. and up.

This \$10 cart,

110 other styles at cut prices for two

Every go-cart or sleeping coach offered at a deeply cut price.

Sale ends day after tomorrow. We have never had a sale like it—nor

has there been such a one in Washing-ton since this store was opened.

If you've a go-cart to buy, do it NOW.

There will not be another chance so

good with such a great number of

The price, \$6.49, is without paraso

styles to choose from. Fifth Floor-TOMORROW.

It is hurrying time.

It is most unusual to buy children's dresses at such little prices. You cannot make them for the price we ask.

At 50c.

Such a low price buys an excellent Child's Chambray Dress, in a variety of colors and trimmed in braid; deep hem, full skirts. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Worth 79c.

At 79c.

-for Children's Madras and Chambray Dresses in plain and neat striped effects; full skirts, side-pleated waists, trimmed in many different ways. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Worth \$1.25.

At \$1.00.

White Lawn Dresses, trimmed in embroidery and tucking; also Chambray Dresses in suspender style, with white lawn pleated blouse. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Worth \$1.69.
Second Floor.

A wash voile that resembles wool,

a yard, 63/4c.
You pay the price of a wash fabric and secure one that is much like wool in texture and appearance. This wash material is in voile weave, 27

inches wide, and never sold for less than 12½c. a yard. A small lot to sell at a small price— 6%c. a yard.

Shown in colors of gray, light blue, green and tan, combined with black and relieved by small white dashes.

An excellent light-weight fabric for making outing dresses or separate skirts; half what it should be.

This is the lawn bench you and the family

First Floor.



It would have contributed largely to a more comfortable day. Regular price 4 feet long, nicely painted in red or green.

Made of best grade bentwood. Price for three days-or until 100 have

\$2.98.

50C. CRYSTAL Glass Berry or Fruit Bowls, 8 in.; fine cut glass patterns, square or rich gold fin-

ish.

PLAIN CRYSTAL

Bowls, 2 new shapes,

Special price tomorrow..... 12c.

50C. CRYSTAL

three shapes. Hold

half gallon. 25c.

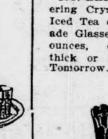
Glass Water Pitchers, plain or cut glass

patterns, choice

to cheap grades of pressed glass,

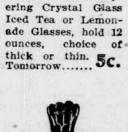
Tomor- 25c. 69c. PLAIN Crys-15C. CRYSTAL tal Glass Water or Water Glasses in new patterns with handsome gold decorated edges. Oc.

4C. PLAIN Heavy Crystal Glass Tum rich; well finished.



Third floor. tumblers, 1/2c., included.

Lemonade Sets-1/2-gal. pitcher, 6 tumvery unusual value tomorrow, cut 29c.



Glass, 16 in. Flower Vases; neat, graceful shapes. Special price tomor- 10c.

50c. CRYSTAL Glass Cake Stands, nice size; handsome cut-glass patterns. Tomorrow cut to..... 6c. CRYSTAL Glass Berry or Fruit Saucers; good size;

morrow. 21/2c. 3c. THIN - blown Brandy Glasses; low dwarf shape. A doz., while they 10c.

dainty cut-glass pat-



19c. CRYSTAL Glass Water Bottles; good size, and in the effective Pillar patterns. To- 10c.



Glass Handled Olive Dishes; cut glass

patterns; neat shape. 9c. 10c. CRYSTAL oval shapes; new pat-

terns. Cut to- 4c. 15c. CRYSTAL Glass Castor, com-plete with salt and pepper shaker; just the thing for serving

the lawn. 10c. 69C. CRYSTAL Glass Lemonade or Punch Bowls, good size; choice of two

cut glass patterns. To morrow 39c.

will buy a

So will \$2.98 & \$3.98 & \$5.

THE SUITS at \$1.98 are in black and white, trimmed with four rows of nar-

row white braid-sailor collar; bloom

THE \$2.98 Suits are of all-wool

Mohair; fancy sailor collars; trimmed with two-colored braids; skirts full

and pleated; full bloomers.

3.98 SUITS include Fancy Blue and
Black Mohairs; low neck, in shield
effect; wide fancy braid trimmings;

effect; wide fancy braid trimmings; neat ornaments, and tie to match.

\$5.00 SUITS are extra big values; made of fine Brilliantines; neck low-cut, with shield; large scalloped collar, with soutache braid trimming; fancy short sleeves; white tie; very full-cut skirt and bloomers; ALL SIZES.

Cannot be equaled at our \$5.00 special price....

WHITE or black Rubber or Canvas-sole Bathing Shoes, 50c.

CLOTH top, rubber-lined, water-tight Bathing Caps, 25c. and... 39c.

BANDANA Bathing Caps of rubber covered with silk; large three-cornered top; unique and will keep the hair dry; several colors. Our price 75c.

FLOATERS, made of rubber; fit upon arms inside sleeves; impossible to sink;

fold flat when not in use, and are easily inflated. Our \$2.98

Slip covers

for 5-piece suites,

It will cost several times as much to recover a suite that is left unpro-

that is left unpro-

ers; fast colors.

bathing suit.

Money-saving sale of undermuslins.

Just in time to fill vacationists' trunks. The time of all times that you want to save money is just before going away-just so is it the time you want your prettiest undermuslins.

These are clean, fresh, well made and ready to wear. A worthy feature is the variety of styles. Another is the large number of low-priced garments.

Corset covers

As low as 914c. Another at 13c. 9 styles at 22c. 7 styles at 36c. 17 styles at 45c. Gowns.

"V" neck for 88c. 4 styles at 45c. 12 styles at 69c. 25 styles at 87c.

8 styles at \$1.25.

Drawers.

Nainsook at 17c. 6 styles at 22c. 6 styles at 36c.

19 styles at 45c.

8 styles at 69c.

Second floortake moving stairway.

Long petticoats. Ruffled for only 36c. 4 styles at 45c. 7 styles at 69c.

Short As low as 22c. 8 styles at 36c.

petticoats 6 styles at 45c.

High-grade extra size undermuslins for large women a feature of the sale.

Not only are the prices especially advantageous, but the garments are in such variety of styles and sizes that every woman will be able to find perfect-fitting garments. This fitting of stout women is a specialty of ours—but not at prices quoted for this sale.

Cambric corset covers,

tight fitting, trimmed around neck and sleeves with lace inserting, and edge finished with beading and wash ribbon; felled seams. Sizes 46, 48 and 50. Sale 69c. Gowns.

MUSLIN AND CAMBRIC GOWNS, five styles, square and high necks, pointed and Mother Hubbard yokes, trimmed in hem-stitched tucks and embroidery inserting. Sizes 17, 18 and 19. Sale 87c.

Petticoats. CAMBRIC PETTICOATS, 2 styles, finished with

tucks and deep hem. Sale price....69c. CAMBRIC AND MUSLIN PETTICOATS, 2 styles, with deep umbrella ruf-fie, trimmed in tucks and

Drawers.

CAMBRIC DRAWERS, with deep umbrella ruffle trimmed in embroidery and tucks; yoke band. 45c.

47c. buys 75c. worth of Notions.

Gotham Straightfront Supporters, moire silk pad, 4 straps, all col-Reduced from 25c.

plain, with drawn-work berders; regu-

LINEN Scarfs, Shams, Center Pieces

larly 50c.; tomorrow.....

Darning Cottton on Spools; black, white or tan; 6 spools for.....

a pair to.....

Rosetta Washable Dress Shields, warrant-ed; all sizes; were 16c. to 29c. a pair. Choice at.....

Sewing Cotton, such makes as Brooks', Grover, Perrins' and others; 100 and 200 yards on spool. A dozen for....

Pins, black or white; all sizes. Regularly 3c. to 5c. dozen. Sale price, 3 doz-

Sanitary Safety

Chicago Silk Featherbone, black or white, a yard. All embroidery silk at half---2c. skein

fore you go away. Japanese lanterns

Japanese parasols.

tected during the summer. We make these of best grade, fast-color Belgian Cotton Damask. This looks like linen and is practically as good. The patterns are copies of imported lines that cost several times the price We have at least 20 different patterns

The best pure linen cover made for the

money is the one we have made our reputation on \$9.98 for 5-piece suite covers, ordinary size. Choice of either plain or striped patterns. Cannot be equaled at \$2.00 more than we ask. Third Floor—Give the order NOW—be-

for lawn parties. The Lanterns we offer are biggest val-

Candles for Lanterns, dozen.........15c.

Every imaginable style and size will be found here. Prices from 10c., 15c., 25c., 98c. up to \$2.49 each.
Fourth Floor.

together with bargains in things to use silks on. TINTED centerpieces in new and effective designs, together with a dozen skeins of Roman Floss or Mercerized Thread for working the same; the whole sold regularly at 70c. Special price tomorrow—one day only Embroidered letters in medallions for sewing upon handkerchiefs, napkins, etc.; worth 10c. and 15c.; special to-LINEN Scarfs and Shams, stamped or Lot of 50c. Laundry Bags; special .. 43c.

Hank of Shetland Floss; special 7c. Bear brand Shetland Floss; special.10c. DRAWN Work Doylies; special 19c.

Lot of Collar and Cuff Bags; spe-